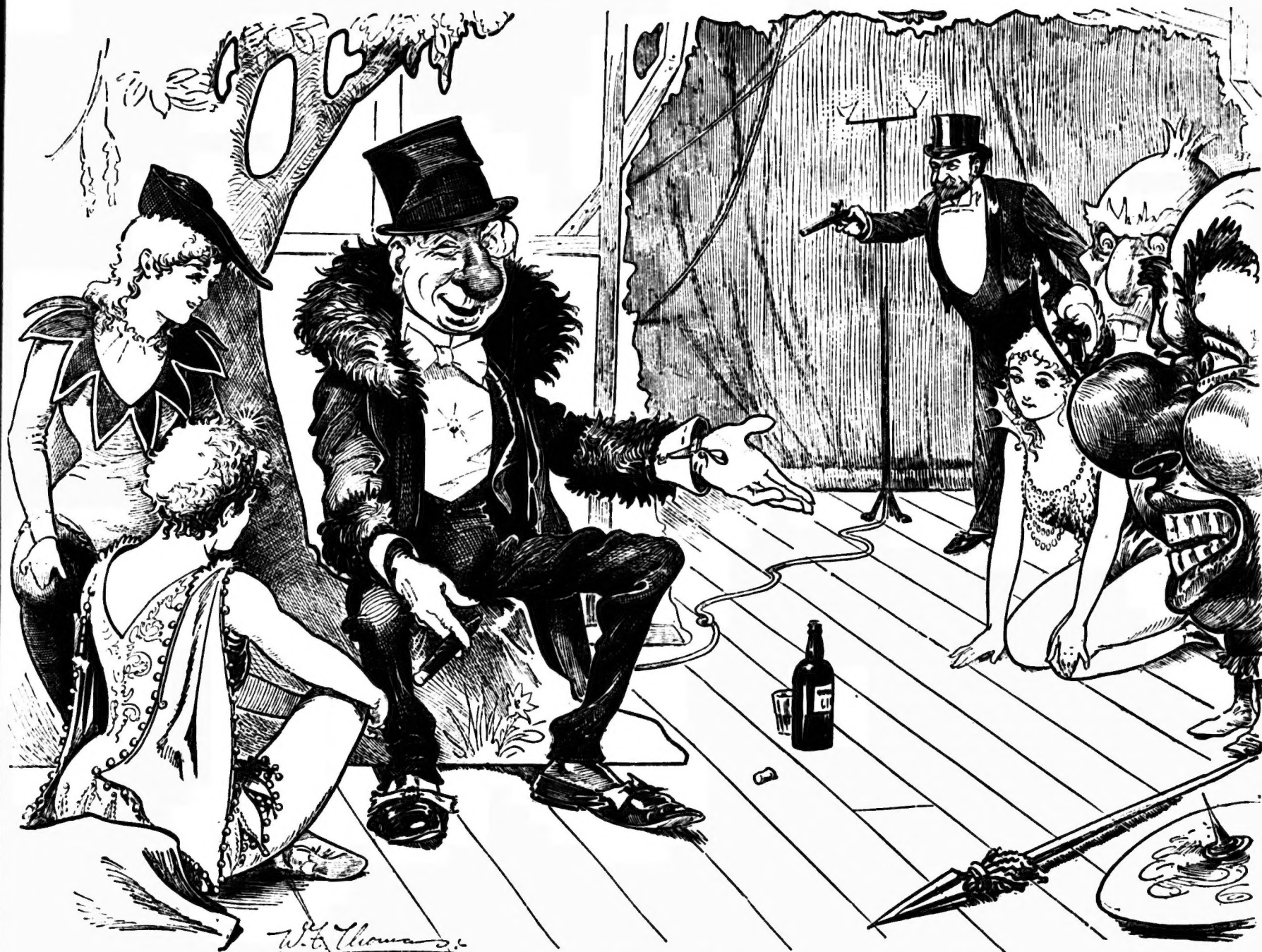


This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" is a Railway Accident Life Policy for £150. (Nine Claims already Paid.)

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XII.--No. 561.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

[ONE PENNY.]



BEHIND THE SCENES AT DRURY LANE.

"'If that man dares to cross the threshold of this theatre again, destroy him as you would vermin.' This is the order issued by Sir Augustus Harris to his myrmidons, and in reference to Poor Pa. Gussie, it seems, accuses Papa of striving to drug his pantomime company with 'Unsweetened,' but Dad insists that the bottle only contained cold tea. Sir Augustus, though, had sampled it himself, and knew better; so, picking up a property pistol, he fired it point-blank at my unfortunate parent's head. Fortunately for all concerned, the pistol was unloaded, and Papa escaped with a severe kicking."—TOOTSIE.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.—(No. 4.)



H. M. King Edward XIX. The truth is, Mr. Thumper, there is not a scrap of meat in the royal larder. As you are aware, my Parliamentary allowance for meat is three and six a week, and here it's only Thursday, and the butcher refuses to let me exceed that amount, and the Queen is absolutely starving! Would you kindly stop round with me and put in a word?



The Right Hon. Tubb Thumper (First Lord of the Treasury). I say, look here, Brisket! just you let his Royal Nibs have a breast of New Zealand mutton, and I'll square your account with the Finance Committee. And, I say! I hope you've sent that saddle of Southdown and that sirloin of Scotch round to my place? there's a few prominent agitators dining with me to-night.

A DESPERADO.

MARK TWAIN, in one of his early books, collected together some materials for a biography of Slade, the Rocky Mountain desperado. Slade, he tells us, was "an outlaw among outlaws and yet their relentless scourge. Slade was at once the most bloody, the most dangerous and the most valuable citizen that inhabited the savage fastnesses of the mountains" during the early days of the Nevada silver fever.

He was born in Illinois, of respectable parents. At the age of twenty-six, in a quarrel, he killed a man, and fled the country. He was made train master on a California-bound emigrant train. He quarrelled with a driver and both drew their revolvers, but the driver cocked his first. Slade proposed that the dispute might be settled by their fists. The unsuspecting driver agreed, and threw down his weapon. Slade grinned and shot him dead.

He fled to the woods to avoid the sheriff sent to arrest him for his first murder, and there had several deadly fights with Indians. On one occasion he slew three with his own hand, and cutting off their ears, sent them with his compliments to their chief.

Owing to his wild daring, and in spite of his being wanted for two murders, Slade was appointed overland division agent at Julesburg. Before his time the company's horses were repeatedly stolen, and the coaches robbed by gangs of outlaws. Slade in his new post was a success. He

shot six men dead, and the coaches were henceforth unmolested. The ex-agent, whose place Slade filled, was a reckless and desperate man, and he and Slade hated each other, and wandered about Julesburg streets armed and watchful. Jules saw Slade entering a store, and poured the contents of his gun into him. Slade reeled round and let fly in return. Both fell, yelling out curses, were carried home, and lay long under the doctor's hands. Jules got well first and fled. Eventually Slade murdered him.

The company next sent Slade to the Rocky Ridge division of the Rocky Mountains. "It was the very paradise of outlaws and desperadoes. There was absolutely no semblance of law. Force was the only recognised authority. The commonest misunderstandings were settled on the spot with the revolver or the knife." Here Slade shot several men, and gained such a dread ascendancy over the rest that they admired, feared and obeyed him. Two men he hanged with his own hands before a large and appreciative audience. He was judge, jury and executioner. He was a matchless marksman. One day he saw a man who had offended him approaching. "It's a good twenty-yard shot," said he; "I'll clip the third button on his coat." He did, and killed the man.

Other horrible stories are told of him. He is said to have knocked, late one night, at the house of a man he had quarrelled with. When he opened the door Slade shot him, pushed the corpse back, set fire to the place, and burned the dead man, his widow and three children. Once some men seized on and were going to lynch him. He begged for a last interview with his wife. She came on horseback, heavily armed. They did not search her, and suddenly she produced a couple of revolvers, and she and Slade, defying the party, mounted the horse and galloped away.

But at length society became sick of Slade. If he had only shot down outlaws they might have put up with him, but when he got drunk and was backed up by a gang of armed roughs, he was described as "a fiend incarnate." It had become quite common, when Slade was "on a spree," for the "shopkeepers and citizens" to close their stores and put out all the lights. The dread of his name and the armed band following him awed all, and his outrageous conduct during the last few days of his life seems perfectly incredible, and yet these things most certainly happened. The sheriff arrested him, took him into court, and began reading a warrant for his arrest. He became uncontrollably furious, tore the paper up and stamped on it, whilst his followers cocked their pistols, and he marched off at their head in triumph.

But it was resolved that he should be hanged. In spite, however, of the outrages he had committed, the deepest sympathy was felt for him by many, and strong men wept like children. Slade's wife was sent for at his earnest request, but the preparations were purposely hurried on, and she arrived too late. Her grief and heartrending cries were terrible evidence of the depth of her attachment for her lost husband.

LATEST.

"Mursiffle evings!" shriek the retched ole man, "iff the purlees arrive we mai be akuse off the krime. Butt ware consenl ourselves? I av itt. Under the bedd." The ole man an me an mother iss under itt. There iss a nockin att the dore.

(Next week, "An Extraordinary Disappearance.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Many thanks for kindly wishes; Glad to hear from you, S. G. Your mistake, AN EIGHT YEARS' READER; If you look again you'll see. Only to the trade, MILADI. Try again, then, H. F. REECE. Sorry, TIBS, we cannot tell you; But we do not know the piece. On his own, entirely, HAROLD. Much obliged for cuttings, JOE. ALLY can't inform you, BACKER; He is seldom in the know. Certainly you may, SUBSCRIBER; SLOPER will be very glad. Utter twaddle, FRANK C. BURLEY; It is all a stupid fad. Sorry that at present, FALLOW, We have not the space to spare. You would have to pay a little, PADDIE, for the wear and tear.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in the World.

Forwarded to any part of the World, Sarawak and Bechnaland excepted, post free:

3 months, 1s. 6d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

In Stamps or P.O.O.'s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL, THE SLOPERIES, 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Show Cards will be sent post free to Newsagents on application.

PARIS

On sale at all Kiosques and Bookellers', at 20 centimes, or by special arrangement at our

PARIS AGENCY, 22 RUE DE LA BANQUE.

NINE CLAIMS ALREADY PAID.

— £150 —

Will be paid to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident to the Train in which they are travelling, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published throughout the United Kingdom every Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 9 o'clock the following Wednesday morning.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

SCENE—Afternoon Concert at Mrs. De Swellington's. Mrs. De Swellington (all smiles). My dear Mrs. Motherington, how do you do? So glad to see you! So kind of you to— Ah! (rapid change of countenance) you've brought your baby with you. Mrs. Motherington. Yes, dear Mrs. Swellington; the fact is, that though she is nearly two years old, she has not commenced to talk yet. I've tried everything; and now, if an afternoon concert will not make her, I shall give it up as a bad job, and send her to a deaf and dumb school.

THE oath of allegiance in olden time
Was solemnly beautiful, grand, sublime.
But things are changed in the days that be,
For, alas! we must needs allow
That a word which begins with a big, big D
Is the oath of all-legions now!

Old Married Man. My dear boy, you take my tip. Now, how many commissions has your wife given you to bring home?

Young Married Man. Oh—er—er—only seven.

Old Married Man. Well, then, take my advice, and forget four of them. If you don't, she'll find you so handy that before you've been married twelve months you'll want to take a Pickford's van home with you.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 561.—The "Panto Pirate" Costume.



"You're not a bad looking chap, but you're inclined to be bawdy, don'tcher know." "Not inclined—obliged to be, laddie."

AUTHORS AUTHENTIC.
No. 42.—Blackie.



Wife. Guess what I've bought for your birthday, dear.
Husband. What?
Wife. A nice new bonnet to wear when I go to the theatre with you.



This is one of our football team; not a Half back, though.

"I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say." "So I do—as little as possible."

Wife. I notice Mrs. Lymnkyln doesn't dress nearly so well as she did. Are they badly off now, do you know?

Husband. No, I think not; but her husband's signed the pledge, you know.

Wife. The pledge! What's that to do with it?

Husband. Everything. Every time Lymnkyln came home boozed he had to make his peace with a new bonnet, or jacket, or something. Twig?

Snipper. Oh, then Fastleigh kept racehorses, did he?

Snipper. I didn't say so.

Snipper. But I understood you to say he made his money on the racecourse.

Snipper. Quite so; but he couldn't do it that way, you duffer! He was bookmaker.

THE bicycle rider threw down two quid,
And an oath from the bicycle maker slid,
And he chuckled the two sovereigns back, he did,
And he raised a big hullabaloo.

"If you give me three pounds, for your use I'll make
A bike that for badness will take the cake;
But I cannot supply you, for fair fame's sake,
With a bicycle made for two."

The Earl. And what do you intend to do with that lad of yours?
The Marquis. Augustus? Well, I'm trying to get him into the Diplomatic Corps.

The Earl. Has he any qualifications?

The Marquis. H'm! well, the boy's a born liar.

Inquiring Child. Father, what is a specialist?

Parent. A specialist, my boy, is a physician who convinces you you have a disease that only he knows how to cure.

"WAS yours a long courtship, old fellow?" "Gracious, no! My wife had nine little brothers and sisters." "Really. But what difference did that make?" "What difference? Well, if you had to bribe a crowd like that to keep out of the drawing-room every time you went to see your girl you'd soon want to cut short the expense."

Modern Mother. It's very sad, but I'm afraid poor Jane will never be popular in Society.

Friend. Indeed!

Modern Mother. Yes; she's got such silly old fashioned ideas about always speaking the truth.

The Neophyte. But does marriage never end in happiness?

The Philosopher. Oh, yes, of course it does, for in the same way that you can never enjoy rest until you are tired, or fully appreciate food until you have gone without long enough to become hungry, so you cannot thoroughly understand the bliss of freedom until you have been married.

Brown. That fellow Jalfour must be a wealthy man.

Jones. How's that?

Brown. Why, I see by this evening's paper that he has been arrested and has escaped from the police no fewer than four times, and it costs something, nowadays, to do that, you know.

Now pater to the pantomime

Goes forth with wife and weans:
And all his babes believe it prime,
His bride declares it quite sublime;
But for prank and music, quip and rhyme,
Poor pater doesn't care a dime—
The scowl he's scowling means
That he's thinking it a cruel crime
Of the management to grant no time
For drinks between the scenes!

Young Sharpshins. What is the Coign of Vantage, dad?

Old Sharpshins (absently). A two-headed penny, my son, for tossing with.

"WHAT strange customs they do have over in them there American States of Unity. I was a-reading only a day or two ago how a train was held up by three men. Now, I s'pose it's all a matter of taste, but I shouldn't like no man to hold up my train if I was a-wearin' one."

Waggs. And so your play was produced, old fellow?

Traggles. Yes; the audience was fairly carried away.

Waggs. Really? Er—how far off was the nearest doctor's?

Author's Wife. Gracious, goodness, Henry! whatever is the matter. We can hear you swearing all over the house.

Author (frantically). Don't speak to me, don't come near me. I got out of bed last night in the cold, wrote the outline of a splendid original story on my shirt front, and now someone's sent it to the wash and I can't remember a word of it for the life of me.

No music-hall performer can nowadays be said to have attained absolute success who has not been principal in a divorce case, summoned for debt, played on the barrel organ, mimicked at the Halls, and bound over to keep the peace for six months.

Young Simple (who has a tender feeling). D'you know, Miss Sharpe, I—I—I—er—er—should be awfully obliged, don't you know, if you'd—er—er—tell me the sort of girl I ought to—er—er—propose to, you know.

Miss Sharpe. Well, she must be good-natured, and a little short-sighted, and not too particular.

If you be tight at dead of night,
And give a bob to Bobby,
He'll land you safe, and sound, and right,
Within your mansion's lobby.
But, if you're tight at dead of night,
And (Bobby's blarney scorning)
You place no bob in Bobby's fob,
You'll be fined five bob next morning!

Rimer. Yes; as I wrote that poem, the tears streamed down my cheeks.

Friend. Really! well, I noticed the flowing style it was written in, myself.

A LADY journalist of the New Woman school concludes her criticism of a recent novel as follows: "May be read with interest and instruction by the advanced of our sex, but it is hardly a work which daughters may allow their mothers to peruse with impunity."

Smiler. That was a fiery article of De Lusher's in the Comet.

Smarker. No wonder; he wrote it on six goes of that awful whisky they sell at the Piebald Camel.

Every Monday. One Halfpenny.

LARKS.

Full of Funny Pictures and Side-Splitting Reading.

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TOOTSIE AND LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

In a retired and pleasant village there once lived a little girl who was one of the prettiest ever seen. Her grandmother, who was dotingly fond of her, had a little hood of scarlet velvet made for her darling, who was for miles round nicknamed Little Red Riding Hood, principally because she always travelled on foot.



Laura Dyson.

One day when Red Riding Hood's mother baked a batch of cakes and she said, "Prithee, go to thy grandam and take her a cake and a little pot of butter," Little Red Riding Hood put the things into a basket and set off for the village where her grandmother lived, which lay on the other side of a thick wood. As she reached the outskirts of the forest she met a wicked wolf, who said, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "To take a good old slack-baked cake and a little pot of butter to gran'ma, sir," she said, three times over, and the wicked wolf then said he would go on first to grandmother and wait for her and get the kettle boiling. And then off went he as fast as anything, and arriving at gran'ma's he thumps at the door. "Who is there?" asks the unwise if ancient grandam from the bed, where, being rather poorly, she lay comfortably tucked up, with a basin of gruel and a little drop of something by the bedside.

"It's me," said the wolf, as ungrammatical as most other people under similar circumstances, "Little Red Riding Hood with the tea-cake and marger-butter." "Lift the latch and the bolt will fall," says the poor old lady, and the ravenous wolf rushed in and gobbled up the old gal. And wasn't she a proper tough 'un, and didn't he feel bad afterwards neither? So he took a Sloper's pill and went to bed.

Meanwhile, Little Red Riding Hood, strolling through the forest, gathered flowers, and anon sat down to rest, and then up came a wopsee to smell at the flowers, and she said, "Pretty wopsee, eat what you like, but do not sting." And he was an honourable wopsee and didn't prefer to sting someone else later on. Then up came a tom-tit and began pecking at some wild strawberries he had gathered. "Pretty tom-tit," said she, "help yourself," which in his little way he did, and flew off again. A little further on Little Red Riding Hood met an old woman, a watercress gatherer, to whom she gave a lump of bread she had in her pocket, and the old woman directed her to a green huntsman, and told her to tell him "there was game on the wind," which, when she found him, she did, and trudged on afterwards wondering muchly.

Presently the little girl reached her gran'ma's cottage, and found the wicked wolf-a-bed in the nightgown and nightcap of the poor lady he had devoured. Little Red Riding Hood, who must only have known her gran'ma when much made up, exclaimed, on seeing her, "Lor, gran'ma, what long arms you've got! what long ears you've got! what large eyes! what terrible large teeth!" "The better to eat you up," said the wicked wolf—But just you wait a minute. In comes the wopsee and stings the wolf, who cries out, which is a signal for the tom-tit to call "Tweet-tweet" to the green huntsman to let fly his arrow, and then the old watercress woman, changed to a fairy, came also on the scene, and henceforth all was happiness down in those parts.

Nearly all this, or nearly as much, or much more and better will you find this year in the Surrey pantomime. We don't nowadays look for simplicity in pantomime concoctions, therefore when we meet again on the programme with our old friends Mother Goose, Bo-Peep, Boy Blue, Johnny Stout, Jenny Green, Margery Daw, Miss Muffit, Johnny Horner, Goody Two Shoes, and even Jack and Jill, we know for certain there is going to be a bit of variety.



Arthur Conquest.

Fred Conquest.

And we get it too. They are on the move here and nobody goes to sleep. Miss Laura Dyson is a capital heroine, and has her audience with her from beginning to end. Miss Cissy Farrell and Miss Amy Dyson also show to great advantage. Mr. William Walton, as the Wolf, throws much power into his impersonation, and I need hardly say that those (George, Fred, and Arthur) bearing the name of the Prince of Pantomimists, work their hardest to maintain the high reputation the head of the family has most deservedly acquired.

The scenery generally is very good, and the ice palace, with its wonderful electric effects, is a thing to madden a shareholder in a gas company and send the rest of the audience, full of fairy dreams, home to supper and bed.

Go and see the Surrey pantomime this year, and mention my name—it's Tootsie.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR SLOPER'S PILLS

PRICE 9½^d PER BOX (50 PILLS).

SLOPER'S PILLS are made from the prescription of an Eminent Physician practising in the West End of London, and will be found invaluable in cases of Liver Complaint, Indigestion, all Stomachic Affections, Giddiness, Nervousness, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Headache, Wind, Blisters on the Skin, Pimples, Debility, Disturbed Nights, Unpleasant Dreams, Biliousness, Want of Tone, all Female Complaints, etc.

TESTIMONIALS.

Boundstone, Farnham, Surrey, October 29th, 1894.
DEAR SIRS,—I have been suffering from Sick Headache for some time past and tried numerous medicines with no beneficial result. A friend advised me to try a box of your invaluable pills, and, after a very few doses, I obtained great relief, and shall most certainly continue to take them.
Yours, ever gratefully,
MILLY INGPEN.
Messrs. GURDEN & Co., 99 Shoe Lane, London.

Argool, 6 Castellan Villas, Barnes, Surrey, November 4th, 1894.
Messrs. GURDEN & Co.,
DEAR SIRS,—Many thanks for SLOPER'S PILLS. I take them for my liver, or anything else that troubles me; they also enable me to go through my work at the Halls with perfect ease and a feeling of perpetual youth about me. I will certainly recommend them to my brother and sister artists. Trusting they will be as favourable to the world in general as they are to me, believe me, yours truly,
P.S.—I had some in Berlin.
G. H. CHIRGWIN.

4 Vernon Road, Bow, E., November 19th, 1894.
To Messrs. GURDEN & Co.
SIRS,—I have been a sufferer from Biliousness for the last three years and have tried all manner of pills and powders, and none have seemed to do me much good; at least, not for more than two or three weeks. I bought, some six weeks ago, two boxes of SLOPER'S PILLS, and I can truly say that up to the present I have not had one attack. I shall recommend these to all my friends, and you may send me another box at 9½^d.
Yours faithfully,
G. HOBDAY.

25 Falkland Road, N.W., November 22nd, 1894.
Messrs. GURDEN & Co.
GENTLEMEN,—I feel it would be ungenerous if I were to delay expressing my thanks for the introduction of the SLOPER'S PILLS; they have proved of the greatest service to me when feeling out of sorts. I have recommended them to several of my friends, and they all speak in very high terms of them. You deserve universal thanks for introducing so excellent a medicine at so reasonable a price.
Yours truly,
A. W. BROWN.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR SLOPER'S PILLS

IF HE DOES NOT KEEP THEM
SEND 9½^d IN STAMPS TO
THE PROPRIETORS,
GURDEN & CO.,
99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
AND A BOX WILL BE SENT IMMEDIATELY.

NOTHING IN HIS LINE.

"We don't encourage beggars here, be off!" and the buxom, worthy British matron was about to close the door.

"Pardoning me a contradiction of yer, lady," replied the ragged man, flourishing a packet of non-combustible Swiss matches in his right paw, "I'm no beggar, although I'm reduced to this. I'm a skilled workman, lady, though things is dull in my line, here. Do you happen to have a brewing of tomato ketchup in the house that has improperly fermented and threatens combustion?"

The dame looked perplexed and astonished, but replied:

"Why, I never made such a thing in my life!"

"Indeed," he seemed quite and about it. "Well, if you had had, and it had fermented, I could have put it right for you—I'm a fair knock-out at the chemistry of gastronomies. But p'raps you've got a basin of starch that hasn't turned because your water didn't boil, eh?"

"All our laundry work is put out," said the housekeeper, still wondering.

"Pity—pity, I could have righted it in a jiffy," he said, in a way that seemed as if it was sheer bad luck there was nothing in his line. "Oh, look here, I've hit it—a correct forecast of the weights the horses'll get in the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National. When you show 'em to the gov'nor on his return from the City, he'll jump for joy!"

"Horse-racing is never mentioned in this house," she said, rather severely.

"Dear me! then I'm wrong again. S'pose I sketch you out a design for making a handsome centre ottoman, which will take to pieces to form a rat-pit, out of half a dozen old Sunlight boxes—a thing that'll always come in handy when you've friends visiting, or—"

"We've no old boxes, they're all chopped up for firewood, and we don't entertain our friends with rat-fights."

"Don't ye, lady—ah, well, tastes differs, but a good rattling match wants some beating. However, I can show you, with a pencil and a bit of paper, how, with a few old bricks and some scrap-iron (which you can pick up anywhere) how to construct a miniature Crystal Palace at the bottom of your garden—just the place for the old man to sit in the sun and read his *Referee* on Sunday mornings—"

"We do not take in Sunday papers, and we have a summer-house."

"You have, eh? By jigs! that's lucky. Let me show you how to turn it into a glue-factory—awfully profitable business glue-making—only want a pipkin and a dead horse—"

"Thank you, but we prefer it as a summer-house."

"Don't want to make money, eh, lady?"

"Not at glue-making."

"Easy as falling off a ladder! Still, if you prefer it, I can fix it up as a Moorish bath-room, with gold crescents on the top like the 'L'ambra in Leicester Square, and red and blue twiddlywiddles with bits o' coloured glass through which the light—"

"Oh, go away, for goodness sake! You'll waste all my morning."

"Well, madam, having, by mentioning a few of my professions, convinced you that I'm not the common or suburban-garden beggar, I should just like if you'll allow me to perform a little transformation trick ere I depart."

"And what is it?"

"It consists of turning two ordinary copper penny pieces into a glass of ale and an abernethy biscuit, only, unfortunately, I haven't the pennies."

The goodnatured woman saw the drift. Pulling a couple of coins out of her capacious linen pocket she handed them to the philosopher with:

"Here you are, go and perform the trick and choke yourself!"

He salaamed gracefully as he went out, and turned in the direction of the Cat and Kittens: he had at last found a job entirely in his line.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

"RUININ' your morals a-readin' such rubbish!" snapped Mrs. Pillikin, over her darning. "If your father was my way o' thinkin', he'd give you a taste o' the strap a bit oftener, an' put that stuff on the fire."

Jack glared furtively at his mother. What! Consign such deathless print as "The Boys Own Murderer" to the kitchen flames! Ignoble sacrifice! And what a base, what a howling shame, that brave British lad, dashing young English blades, should be pestered and annoyed by such superfluities as mothers! and have their noblest sentiments outraged by the suggestion of "strap"! But no matter. Ha, ha! a time would come! And Jack continued to eye her so vindictively, that presently, what with his outraged feelings, the warmth of the fire, and the weariness engendered by an afternoon on the ice, he could see at least five mothers darning ten holes in no less than fifteen stockings. But what was this? Surely he had read the blood-stained periodical through from start to finish? He could have sworn it. And yet he had missed *this*! And, with every fibre in his body thrilling, he read:

"A Golden Opportunity! Wanted at once, a smart, active, intelligent, callous youth, about thirteen years of age, to act as Pirate Chief and take command of a noble sloop now ready to sail for the Spanish Main. Free outfit, including weapons, provided. Apply, between 6 and 10 P.M., to Yardarm and Shrowd, Piratical Commission Agents, 3 Coffins Court, Lower Thames Street."

His heart throbbed like some mighty steam engine. The very thing! Why, it seemed as if this advertisement had been inserted for his special behoof. Thirteen years; his very age, too. Farewell to the rigid control of stern mothers and a strap-wieldin' fathers, and hey! for freedom and the Spanish Main! He glanced at the clock. Twenty minutes to seven. He could reach Lower Thames Street within the half-hour; and his mother appeared to be dozing. Rising noiselessly, he slipped on his cap and overcoat, and the next moment was speeding along the Walworth Road.

It struck seven as he plunged into Coffins Court. A light was burning in No. 3, and, once inside the dirty passage, he knocked



Exactly like a "cut."

loudly at a door inscribed "Yardarm and Shrowd."

"Come in," cried a deep voice; and, turning the handle, he entered. Two gentlemen were standing in the centre of the office: one tall, bald-headed, and of vulture aspect; the other, stout, flat-nosed, and wearing a ferocious grin.

"I've called about the Pirate Chief situation," began Jack, boldly. "Have you engaged anyone yet?"

"Strange to say, you are absolutely the first applicant. But what are your qualifications? Have you any references as to bad behaviour and general cruelty of disposition? And what knowledge or experience do you possess with regard to commanding a sloop?"

"I ain't got no reference," said Jack hurriedly; "but I b'lieve I'm about as bad a chap as you could find for my age. I hate my parents, for they're always larrupping me, an' I'm always punchin' an' worryin' my sister, an' whackin' into my little brother. Then again, I always pitch into boys half my size, specially if they happens to be cripples, an' I can tell a lie as slick as I can cheat at marbles. As to knowledge, I've been a constant reader of the 'Murderer' since the first number, an' I'm well up in all pirate tales such as 'The Tiger of the Deep,' 'The Fiend of the Pacific,' 'The Scourge of the Wandle,' 'The—'"

"Enough!" cried his questioner. "You appear to be a likely candidate. But you must be put to the test. Jump into the clothes you'll find behind that desk yonder—and don't forget the pistols." And within five minutes Jack found himself arrayed exactly like a "cut" from his favourite paper.

"That's business," said the bald-headed one, approvingly. "Now, who is the person you hate most in the world?"

"Uncle Benjamin, he's always mockin' me." "Good! Now, it's twenty past seven. At twenty minutes to nine you will return here with your Uncle Benjamin's head! Accomplish this and the post is yours."

Away sped Jack to Camberwell Green, where his uncle resided. An imperative knock brought Uncle Benjamin himself to the door.

"Villain!" cried Jack, "your hour has come, and the pirate chief claims your mocking head!" And—

Skip into the fender! From which ignominious retreat he, now perfectly wide awake, beheld his indignant mother flourishing the ignoble strap, with fell intent, above his head.



"Your hour has come!"



A NEW MAID.

"You saw Mr. Brown when you called?" "Yes, ma'am; and the gentleman said I should just suit." "He did, did he? Then, young woman, I am sure you will not."



"Did you see Mr. Jones skating yesterday? What wonderful figures he does cut, doesn't he?" "Well, you see, he's at it all the year round—he's the great ladies' tailor, you know."



She, I wish you would find a gentleman to take me round in the next valse.
He, Yes, my dear; will one be enough?



"George is getting awfully stingy, dear. He says now I shall have to use the household flour instead of wasting my money on toilet powder."—Extract from *Letter of Young Lady*.

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 375.—MISS FLO MEREDITH.

"To gaze upon her beauty is to love." —The Dook Snook.
"Beloved, must I bid farewell to hope?" —Lord Bob.
"For ever must a love like mine endure." —The Hon. Billy.



THE STAGE OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE. TIME—Morning. (MR. HORACE LENNARD discovered impatiently treading the stage.) MR. H. L. Tut, tut! The pantomime commences soon! 'Tis time that he were here! (Looks at watch.) The hour of noon! (Recommences pacing.) If he don't come at once, it's clear, The interview can not take place. (Enter A. SLOPER, in his friend WILLIAM RIGOLD'S costume of Santa Claus, kindly borrowed for the occasion, without that gentleman's leave.) A. S. I'm here! Mr. H. L. How late you are! A. S. Well, yes, I'm rather late. Though puns are not the fashion, I will state, That flushed with walking, I'm like Rosie Leyton, Your girl-child in the wood—a rosy late 'un. With Kitty Lottus, friends in front allow, They make a pretty pair of Babes. And now (strikes attitude), King Writer, thou, of fairy pantomime, recalling to us dear old Planché's time, And Oscar Barrett, too—would he were here—To both of you I offer most sincere Congratulations on your pantomime—On his sweet music, and your graceful rhyme, Backed up by friends like Emmeline, Craven, Lanner and Wilhelm, a fine cast, and band are, (MISS LOFTUS, MISS LEYTON, dressed for their parts of the Children in the Wood, and

CHARLES LAURI as the dog Tatters cross the stage at back.) Those names remind me that you need not tell me little ones you love; I know it well, Or I don't read your poetry aright. (A figure of Fame crosses stage.) What do I see? Fame with a trumpet bright, Suggests your fame—Three pantos writ this year—For Crystal Palace, Birmingham, and here! Your songs, and verses, and your journal work, all go to prove labour you do not shirk. (A Butterfly crosses stage.) There goes a butterfly! (Tries to catch it.) It's down away! That would suggest that after work comes play! How you, my Horace, in the cricket field, See of the G.C.C. (Gawley Cricket Club) the willow yield. (Horse crosses.) A reaper! See his barrel? Come, I think it's time that you and I should have a drink! (Then said Mr. Horace Lennard: "Look here, SLOPER, how about the interview? Up to now you have been doing all the talking." "Horace," said A. SLOPER, "you are on the stage, a place where authors should never speak, you know; and fond as you are of a cigar, you're not the man to smoke a cigarette while there; so, as I feel like a smoke myself, come, my boy, to your club. Let us away!" They averaged.)

MORE HARMONY.



(1) It was the Saturday night concert, the Meenister o' Tummel-Toosie Parish bein' in the chair, an' all was calm an' bright. The Laird was singin' "The Heart Bowed Down," and at a tender passage the Elder kindly said, "Tak' a wee sup oot o' this bottle, Laird, Aw weel ken whit it is tae hae win' on the stomach mesel'."



(2) When it cam' tae the guid Samauritan's turn tae render his instrumental solo the Laird shrieked, "Hoo daur ye come here wi' yer unscrupulous implement o' torture, among these babes an' sucklin's an' ither innocents, ye base, laud mass o' diaphanous deplorableness? Begone!!!"



(3) Next morn, bein' the Sabbath, the Sabbath-Schule Superintendent (McNab) found twa o' the innocent sucklin's waitin' for the door tae open. Quo' ane tae the ither, "It was a lovely fecht last nicht, Jimmy. The Elder bashed his bonnie ole over 10's heed: an' 'Ma's greetin' an' pittin' brown paper an' vinegar on't; an' I hope there'll be nae Sabbath and nae Kirk. Hae ye any mair tae-bawky, Jimmy?" And this was the vious Laird's son, and the Elder was shocked.



Snowed up.



An Arthur Success.



Robert's roused.

A capital couple of brothers are we
I think you'll say ditto to that
And famed for the manner in which
we agree.
You'll also say ditto to that
Brother Smut he says or thinks
then say the same.
When either does wrong then we both take
when neither says nothing then both
cheerfully exclaim

"I always say
DITTO
TO
THAT"



DITTO BROTHER SMUT!



An lee baby.



Artie's in Ashantee.



Such is the law.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Hullo, there, my friends and patrons! you're a bit early this week, aren't you? Here, make way, please, you mustn't block up the door in this manner, or I sha'n't be able to get through to open it. Great Scot! what a crowd of you! well, patience for half a moment, please. That's it now, in you come:—Up North a lot of trains, you know, got buried in the heavy snow:—Enthusiastic cheer on their Salutes the pair as they appear:—John Roberts finds to his dismay He gave too many points

away:—Upon the Parliamentary stage The Brothers Smut are all the rage:—The skaters found the ice too thin, And dozens of them tumbled in:—The Ashantees, the papers state, Have very cocky got of late:—Their legal biz, the lawyers say, Is in a very "dicky" way.—Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, your applause is most gratifying. Many thanks for your kind attention. See you again next week at the same old spot. Ta, ta!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

MORE SUITABLE.



OVERHEARD AT SUPPER.

Algy (after third attempt to pull cracker). I say, look here, y'know, Miss Hangor, don't you bother; I'll—I'll get it done up in Town.



THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

Somewhat-backward Admirer. Dear Miss Gollythly—may I say Algy?—this is the opportunity I have long been hoping for. Will you be mine, etc., etc.



"Got a stall to give me, old man? I want to see your new piece." "I haven't a stall, but I can send you a small kennel I have, which is as good as new."



First Shenny Man. Look at dot Bernstein.
Second Shenny Man. Vot's der matter mit him?
First Shenny Man. Vy, he's dot such a peau-tifool nose dot he plows bees hat off every dime he sneezes.



Traveller. What! nothing to eat? Haven't you any new laid eggs?
Maid. Our hens don't lay eggs on Sunday, sir.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

It is asserted on pretty substantial authority that German-made prison goods are being imported into this country bearing the trade mark of sundry well-known English manufacturers. Should such a condition of things really exist—and we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of the statement—it must be put a stop to at once. English manufacturers and English interests must be protected by the cost what it may. German goods may be all very well in their way, but if they are to be re-tailed in this country the German trade mark must be plainly stamped upon them.



THE Moth-Eaten Fabric has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon SURGEON HUGH GRIFFITHS, R.N., because he's a "Bouist" in two senses of the word. "Feyther," gasped the Blue-eyed Alexandry, "what a remarkable man that Hugh must be. Not only is he a full-blown surgeon of the Royal Navy, but he's a banjoist, bonist, tambourinist, acrobat, electric comic vocalist, eccentric step-dancer and negro delineator. He's a real, right-down good 'un, for he's always ready to exercise his manifold talents on behalf of charity. Now, if you would only take a tip out of Hugh's book, and do something to benefit those who need it, instead of lubricating that bally uvula of your'n, there would—" But once again all was darkness, and a special messenger had to be dispatched for half a quire of brown and a pint of virgin vinegar.

IN response to public request A. SLOPER has at length decided to go in seriously for yachting. Hitherto H.R.H., Lord Dunraven, and Mr. Millionaire Gould have had things all their own way, but the Eminent means to make 'em sit up now. A magnificent racer, designed entirely by A. SLOPER, is now in course of construction in the dry dock of Mildew Court, and will be launched as soon as completed. It has been decided to call it the *Tootsie Belle*.

A. SLOPER's heart has been captured by loveliness on more than one occasion, but never has he been more enthralled than he was by the charms of a fair one he met at a dance at the Holloway Town Hall a few evenings ago. His admiration was, of course, reciprocated. That goes without saying. Unfortunately, just at the moment the Eminent was making great headway, a husband appeared on the scene. A. SLOPER now fully realizes what two lovely black eyes really mean.

YET another hapless individual has met his death in a boxing match. The sport seems to be getting as dangerous as football.

'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good. The recent gales have made business very brisk indeed for the hat trade. Hatters are now, in fact, whistling for more wind.

ALLY's pal, Charlie Collette, who has just returned from a provincial tour, is delighting the "Bloods," "Bucks" and "Maccaronis" of the Edgware Road at the Metropolitan Music-Hall, where his latest songs, "The Thirteen Club" and "The Willow Pattern-plate" are cheered to the echo. Charlie shortly goes to Ireland for a few weeks' starring tour, after which he will return to the bosom of his family.

MCGOOSELEY has been intoxicated again, but on this occasion Cupid is the culprit. The display of loveliness at the Crystal Palace pantomime has quite knocked him out of his stride. His heart is in the possession of at least twelve of the fair performers. Are any of them in want of a good-looking, respectable husband?

A SPLENDID collection of drawings by the great humorist Rowlandson is now on view at the Fine Art Society. Folks are flocking there. Make one of 'em.

WE always expect something good from the German Reed Company, and never have they proved disappointing; but seldom, if ever, have they provided a more mirth-provoking programme than that which is at the present time drawing big audiences to St. George's Hall. Anything more comical than the three-act "buletta," *Melodramania*, it would be almost impossible to find, and it is no exaggeration to say that there is more legitimate fun in it than in nine-tenths of the so-called farces, musical comedies, etc., with which the theatrical manager seeks to amuse the public. Mr. Corney Grain, as the stage villain,



is irresistibly funny, whilst Mr. Avalon Collard, Mr. Nye Chart, Miss Fanny Holland and Miss Dora Thorne render invaluable assistance. The programme concludes with one of Mr. Grain's inimitable musical sketches, *Uncle Dick*, of which it is sufficient to say that it is fully up to the standard always attained by this versatile artist.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

THE management at the Royal Music-hall are evidently suffering from a very severe attack indeed of the up-to-date-go-ahead fever. And at present they show no signs of relapse. Their programme is really one of the A1 order, and if they wish to retain them the Oxford Pavilion and Tivoli will have to look well to their laurels. First and foremost among the artistes engaged is the Fred Boisset Troupe. Their performance is immense. Then we have Eugene Stratton and Gus Elen, both as popular and as entertaining as ever. Then there is sweet Katie Lawrence, a host in herself; and last to mention here, but certainly not least, is Tom White and his Arabs. Patronise the Royal by all means, and thus assure, at any rate, one evening's enjoyment.

WE hear, on good authority, that Lady Clancarty, *nee* Belle Bilton, will again appear on the variety stage before many weeks have transpired. If Belle wished to introduce a novelty, she should bring her twins with her. The trio together would form a great attraction.

THE Friend of Man has just been unanimously elected to the Presidency of the Antelope Cricket Club, at Southampton. The Old 'Un has occupied the enviable position for years past, and is very proud of the distinction. There is no truth in the report that the name of the club will be altered shortly to the "Antesloper Cricket Club." The idea is simply absurd.

ON a single day last week no less than eighty tons of fish were received in the Metropolis. And yet people wonder why provincials look upon the majority of Cockneys as fishy customers.

THE rumour which recently convulsed Fleet Street that the Editor of *Larks!* had been created a baronet proves unfounded. The master hand that has steered our mammoth ha'penny comic into the haven of prosperity should certainly receive official recognition; but, alas! reward is not always to the most deserving.

JOHN FROST, Esquire, has not proved kind. He gave us a few days' skating, certainly, a short time back, but not half enough of it to satisfy the myriad lovers of the delightful sport. But 'twas ever thus. Just as one gets one's best pair of skates reground, and maps out an expedition to a particularly good piece of water, lo! down comes the snow, the thaw ensues, and farewell to one's chances of enjoyment. Well, well, it's still early in the skating season, and, with any decent amount of luck, we may get yet another chance to show what we can do upon the ice.

THE third match between England and Combined Australia has ended, as we anticipated, in a win for the latter. Several of our contemporaries pretend to be surprised at the result. Perhaps they have forgotten that there are two more matches to be played. If England had won this third match, and therefore, the rubber, the matches to follow would have fell as flat as ditch-water. As things are now, the excitement will be greater than ever.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevails in A. SLOPER's training establishment owing to the disclosure of certain important stable secrets connected with the future engagements of the Skunk. Trainer, stable lads, helpers, etc., have all been subjected to the strictest examination, but the traitor has not been discovered. The Mildewed now intends to put the matter before the stewards of the Jockey Club.

PROMENADE or no promenade, the Empire has been going it heavily during the last few nights. And the management deserve to be successful. Their enterprise is really wonderful. There is most certainly plenty of life in the old Empire yet.

THE Artistic Dress Reformers have again turned their attention to the subject of masculine evening attire. The present fashion they assert is ugly and inartistic, and many are the ways in which it might be advantageously improved upon. Their ideal would appear to be a sort of glorified Court suit, minus the sword, and though no doubt it would be considerably more picturesque than the existing dress clothes, there is little chance of its adoption. Men with rocky understandings would have no chance then of hiding their defects, and the poor comic writers would have one joke less. There could be no mistaking the guest for the waiter, though, on the other hand the former might be confused with the flunkey. Yes, we fear the Artistic Dress Reformers are fighting a terribly uphill battle.

THE police are warning the public against a beggling letter impostor, described as an elderly man wearing, amongst other things, a white hat with a black band. As A. SLOPER is one of the very few individuals who adopt this style of headgear at all seasons, he begs to disclaim any connection whatsoever with the B. L. I. in question.



THE police are warning the public against a beggling letter impostor, described as an elderly man wearing, amongst other things, a white hat with a black band. As A. SLOPER is one of the very few individuals who adopt this style of headgear at all seasons, he begs to disclaim any connection whatsoever with the B. L. I. in question.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 2ND, 1895.

27th January, 1869.—This day a circular was issued by the Lord Chamberlain respecting the ballet and pantomime costumes worn by the lady artists.

28th January, 1633.—This day all stage plays were suppressed by the Puritans. The keeping of the Christmas holidays was long a great mark of ungodliness, and severely censured. Even pies, which custom had made a Christmas dish, were regarded as a profane viand by the Puritans, "though at other times they agreed very well with their stomachs."

29th January, 1868.—The new Town Hall at Ipswich was opened this day. A man of the name of Alefounder Bugg died about 1880, in Ipswich. The name Bugg, though undesirable in sound, is not an uncommon one in the eastern counties. Writing of curious names, we heard lately of a man whose surname was Yessir—and he was a waiter!

30th January, 1865.—The Surrey Theatre was burnt down this night during the pantomime season. All the actors and actresses rushed out into the street in costume.

31st January, 1891.—The traffic on the London, Chatham and Dover railway was much impeded on this day by a mad bull that got on the line about seven o'clock. The animal went careering along between Camberwell and Wandsworth, and was met by a Midland train running from Victoria. It turned round and passed the train without injury, but was then followed up by a Chatham and Dover train, driven by James Tracey. It is added that the bull again escaped, but Tracey, in returning from Victoria, again came up with the infuriated beast at Waltham, and the train ran side by side with it. Tracey then took his coal hammer and struck the bull a heavy blow, felling it. It dropped under the wheels, and its tail was cut off. Eventually the animal was killed after being on the line three hours.

1st February, 1663-4.—"To the King's Theatre," says Pepys, under this date, "and there saw the *Indian Queen*, which, indeed, is a most excellent show, and beyond my expectation, the play good but spoiled with the rhyme, which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most the eldest Marshall did her part most excellently well as I have heard a woman in my life." Elsewhere he speaks of Mistress Marshall, a pretty woman, who speaks a prologue which makes all the ladies hurry on their masks, and convulses the house with laughter, and he "do own" that he cannot help laughing, too, and calls the actress "a merry jade."

2nd February, 1887.—The deputy-coroner for Manchester held an inquiry this day touching the death of William H. Wood. The deceased had suffered from acute neuralgia, and previous to the day of his death he was at times almost distracted. About half-past six on Monday evening Wood told his wife that he would "be no more" by seven o'clock. His wife thought he was joking, and a few minutes afterwards she went out. On returning she found him hanging by the neck from the bannisters. The unfortunate man, who was at once cut down, was dead. The following extraordinary letter, which was headed "A Warning!" was found on the body: "When you marry, mind you marry, and beware of a fiendish mother-in-law. Whoever finds my body I hope they will send word to Mrs. Wood (his mother), who will see to my being buried. I wish only my own side to follow me to my grave. I also wish to state that at the inquest the gentlemen who sit will not bring in a verdict of temporary insanity—no such thing, I am in a sound and sober mind. God bless all. Good-bye. —WILLIAM HARRY WOOD." The Jury found that the deceased committed suicide whilst temporarily insane.

AND SO SAY ALL OF US.

I GRANT you, sir, that it is quite beyond All doubt that you are rapturously fond Of kissing her to whom in wedlock's bond You soon will be allied. But, in return, you needs must grant me this: The osculation of your own sweet Miss Yields not such bliss as when you ally kiss Some other chap's affianced!

A THAW INCIDENT.

CHANCERY LANE, on Monday, the 14th, was at its muddiest—and that's saying volumes! The heavy fall of snow of two days previous had been pounded into a rich brown slush, well worked up with the dirt which, for hiding and accumulating purposes, "prefers" wood paving "to any other." A tall and beautiful girl, in a most bewitching costume of blue cloth trimmed with silver fox, was walking along that bit of the Lane where the pavement is narrowest, when the deadly, slush-distributing penny omnibus was heard approaching. On, on it came, its demon horses dashing their great flat feet down into the soggy filth like paviours' rammers and sending up a shower of scavings on all sides.

Sock! A great lump of mud had landed squarely on Beauty's left arm. For an instant, after the wretched bus had rolled on, a rosy flush mounted to her cheeks, and her great violet eyes flashed fire. Then, as she gazed at the reeking pudding, two huge tears came welling up into those heavenly orbs, and a good-looking young solicitor's clerk stepped out of Lincoln's Inn gateway. Beauty caught him by the arm, and gazed at him imploringly.

"Dear, dear!" he exclaimed, gazing at the mud, "allow me to escort you to the tea-shop, where they'll wipe it off for you."

"No, no!" she said, "it will brush off when it's dry; but—er— but have you any objection to say a few—er—earnest words—"

"Oh, swear a little for you?" he asked, brightening up. She nodded assent. So he stepped three or four steps up a little court and passed a few remarks that caused a tenant in one of the offices to ring up the fire-escape, and the sweetness of the smile that Beauty bestowed upon him as she curtsied and resumed her way more than amply rewarded him.

After all, it was better than swearing a low, coarse, vulgar swear herself.

THE INCONGRUITY OF SOME WOMEN.

It's a deuced funny thing, but it's just like some of 'em. They'll screw and pinch and save in order to subscribe to half a dozen magazines on domestic matters and household management. They'll growl at the old man because he wants his *Sportsman's Life* on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and will pledge his credit—or even sell to the Hebrews his most comfortable old suit—the one that he loves to lounge about the house in—in order to obtain possession of the entire file of *Vera's Home Journal* or *The Red Lady* from its commencement, and yet, when it happens one fine morning that, just as he's starting for the City, the old man has the misfortune to sneeze, and a back button, upon which great responsibility (and other garments) rest, flies off with a "pink!" no one in the house can remember what's become of the solitary reel of cotton since they saw the kitten playing with it last Saturday week!

Every Wednesday. Two pence.

JUC

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR DENTISTS.

[It is gravely stated that certain sweethearts now exchange their teeth as love-tokens.]

ADORED ONE! ACCEPT THIS TOOTH - AND GIVE ME ONE OF THINE



HAST heard of the latest Love-Token, Affected by persons of "class" Who with ancient traditions have broken As the merest of mere sounding brass? When a wooer would blazon his teeth out, O'er trinkets and such he ne'er frets, But hastens to have his best tooth out— To give in exchange for his pet's.

Saying: "Sweet! take this tooth As proof of my truth— In my heart, dear, doth love for thee burn— The molar, you see, Was extracted for thee, And, O! give me thine in return!"

But, alas! Stern Old Fate (being ruthless)

Might make lovers off in love fall, In that case they'd soon become toothless, And again on the Dentist would call. But, anon, the once passionate lover Might fiercely knit his (or her) brows— And cry "Go! for, alas, I discover Your teeth are as false as your vows! "So take back thy tooth," etc.

ARTHUR'S ARGUMENT.

It was in the supper room of the—well, never mind the name of the place, it isn't at all material for the purpose of my story, but it was a midnight haunt on which the police had their eyes; much affected by the frivolous of both sexes, and at which so respectable-looking an old gentleman as he who was leaning somewhat heavily against a pillar, should certainly not have been discovered.

"It's 'h or 'r, m'boy, or 'r," he was saying to the bright young fellow who with kindly intention was endeavouring to keep him from taking forty winks in the coal-scuttle, "jus' bit g-giddy, y' know—hic—tha's 'h or 'r, soon better, let's 'ave nother—hic—bottl'."

"No, no!" expostulated the other, "no more booze for you to-night. Here—to a water—bring me a large soda. Now, sir, down with it, that's right, now come along outside and I'll get you a hansom and send you home."

The old fellow didn't offer much resistance, but he pressed his card to the young man's hand just before the cab drove off, and murmured a few almost inarticulate words of thanks for such polite attention from a stranger.

"And so you really think you can induce papa to give his consent, Arthur?" said the lovely girl gleefully. "What, what has worked this miracle? He has always refused to even listen to me."

"That's my secret, little one; but make your mind easy, you shall never marry that hideous old soapboiler fellow."

"Oh, Arthur! are you sure? If you knew how I dreaded it; at papa is so very violent—"

"Fear him not, love, you shall wed me or—"

"Or what, young jackanapes?" demanded a furious voice; and the young couple started apart as Ethel's papa bounced into the room.

"Ethel, go to your room!" he thundered, "and you, sir, running savagely on her companion, 'out of the house this instant!'"

"One minute, sir," said Arthur.

"Not a second, sir!" cried the old man, furiously.

"Very well, sir, then I must communicate my intelligence to our wife." The other started.

"What the—who the—" he stuttered, "why, confound you, I seem to know your face; we've met before somewhere."

"Let me tell you where," said Arthur, and he whispered a few words in the old fellow's ear.

The effect was instantaneous. The old gentleman paled, stammered, and then grasped the young man's hand.

"Ethel, come here," he said; "your lover is a very noble fellow;—he—but there, I needn't explain. There, take his hand—bless you, my children, bless you!"

BELLES OF THE BUFFET.

No. 20.—THE COCK TAVERN GIRL.



TWENTY years had passed away.

On last December's twentieth day, Since in her baby-bed she lay—

Dear old Number Twenty! Twenty winters, wild with storm, Have nipped and chilled her fragile form,

And still her heart is soft and warm, Dear old Number Twenty!

Twenty maids I know full well, Whose souls with envious feelings swell

Whene'er they see that bonniest belle—

Dear old Number Twenty! Twenty restaurateurs bold Would fork out twenty pounds in gold,

If on their staff could be enrolled

Dear old Number Twenty!

Twenty youths have sued and sighed,

And more than twenty times have tried

With all their power to find a bride

In dear old Number Twenty!

But twenty youths their hook may sling,

For I who here her praises sing

Have given the gold engagement ring

To dear old Number Twenty!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

5 SOUTH VIEW, BARNARD CASTLE, January 14th, 1895.

DEAR ALLY,—Pray pardon the long delay in acknowledging the receipt of your "Award of Merit," which has made me one of the proudest men in this district, and I shall always look upon it as one of my most valued treasures. It is, indeed, a work of art. The bloom on your nose is so natural, the various phases of the far-famed hat being especially good. Your signature, also, is a splendid specimen of penmanship, and must have taken a lot of practice (with the gin bottle) to bring to such perfection. Now, in conclusion, hoping that the blossom on your dear nose may never lose its cherry hue, and that the necessary toothful may always be forthcoming, I remain, dear ALLY, yours truly,

F. McLOUGHLIN, F.O.S.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 15.—GEOFFREY MICAWBER SLOPER.

Born, 1347. Died of the Pip, 1400.

WE dried up last week at that thrilling juncture when Jasper Camembert fell a stiff 'un, pierced by the weapon of his brother—Geoffrey Micawber. Carefully wiping the gore from his blade with a convenient antimacassar, the new Baron struck the gong, briefly explained matters to the astonished retainers, and bade them clear up the mess. Jasper's corpse was subsequently interred with due ceremony, and Geoffrey Micawber entered into uninterrupted enjoyment of the Barony.

Enjoyment, did we say? Stay, perhaps that is hardly the term. As a truthful chronicler of this stirring history it behoves us to be careful. It would pain us to be accused of anything like exaggeration or misrepresentation. Geoffrey Micawber soon discovered his position was not "all lavender." The nobles turned up their snufflers at him, even the lesser gentry refused to leave their cards. Unpleasant rumours had got about concerning the manner in which he became possessed of the estates. And there were not wanting those who asserted that Geoffrey Micawber had stabbed his brother from behind. This would have created little comment in the grand old days of Henry de Bovril, or Wilkins Sapolio, but the taste for secret assassination had been gradually declining for some long time, and these little affairs were now looked upon as distinctly unfashionable, to say the very least. The price of hired assassins had gone up considerably, owing to the increased danger, and no coroner and jury could be bribed to return a "death from misadventure" verdict for anything under a quid a-piece and their exes.

Geoffrey Micawber had overlooked these facts, and the consequences were not to his taste. He was socially ostracised. The Society papers got hold of one or two shady little incidents of his earlier career and wrote 'em up with such additions as suggested themselves, and though the Baron captured one editor and boiled him alive in his own composing room it did not stop the circulation of the rumours, but only gave them additional piquancy.

This naturally soured a man of Geoffrey Micawber's proud and sensitive nature. From a man who might have figured prominently in the military, naval, or political history of his country he deteriorated into a morose and moody recluse, shunned by and shunning the world, and devoting himself to ill-treatment of his wife and child, the abuse and occasional slaughter of his vassals. He was the author of several books, notably "Hints for the Torture Chamber," a highly original work, containing minute and valuable instructions for the speedy extraction of political or other secrets. For many years he lingered thus, dying at last after a singularly mispent and remorseful career, regretted by none who knew him.

(To be continued next week.)

THE GIRL WITH HER HAIR IN A NET.

To its very foundation was shaken

This heart that had once been so hard:

All the studies I'd loved were forsaken,

My sanctum was bolted and barred.

As your fictionist tells you, when spinning

His novel, "My fate I had met":

And my soul was all centred in winning

The girl with her hair in a net!

The rabbit is caught by the poacher;

The lightning is caught by the tree;

To the bank brings the nightly encroacher

Prohibited salmon from Dee.

But no catch was e'er made so completely

By trap that has ever been set,

As that catch—when my heart was caught sweetly

By the girl with her hair in a net!

Ah, me! how my love-dream has perished!

Ah, me! how I moan in despair!

Ah, me! how the hopes that I cherished

Have melted away into air!

Sad, sad, is my heart—once enraptured:

In anguish I languish and fret:

For that hair-netted maiden has captured

A millionaire's HEIR in her net!

SLOPERIAN PHILOSOPHY.

(First portion since the pipes burst.)

THE man who started the year gratifying a champagne appetite on a "mild-and-bitter" income landed in the Bankruptcy Court last Monday.

Don't howl at the Law. Law is the science which enables us to circumvent Justice.

It is only the simple-minded young man who kicks up a row when he comes across a bone button in a sausage at his eating-house. The wise one rings up the manager and asks when he shall call for the buttonhole to fit it, and the manager, thinking that he is entertaining a newspaper man unawares, roars at the joke and insists on standing a bottle.

Remember, ye who fancy yourselves men of light and learning, that you can easily find out how little you know by trying to understand the baby some evening when your wife is out shopping.

A certain sporting journalist said the glare of the fresh-fallen snow made him nearly blind. A. SLOPER has no respect for the man—be he journalist or anything else—who can't tell the glare of the fresh-fallen snow from Cheshire Cheese whisky.

There's nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people and to injure their health as the practice of sitting up late, particularly at this cold and wintry season. This is especially the case where there is a grown-up daughter in the family, of a kissable age and a huggable nature. A. SLOPER publishes this item at the earnest appeal of several nice young fellows who are constant readers.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

IS IT CORRECT—When a girl is sewing a feather on her hat, to call the process "feather-stitching"?

When a plum pudding has been kept till it's dark-coloured, to call it a "black pudding"?

When the newboy yells out *The Football Star*, to call him a "foot-bawler"?

When you get a measure of wine from 333 Strand, to call it *Short measure*?

When a Bishop gets so hurt that he cannot walk without a stick, to call him a layman? P.S.—Perhaps you'll tell me it's the conundrum that's a lame 'un.

THE REVOLT OF GHIBER.

CHAPTER IX.

RHOMBO BALADDIN concluded that he was in a pretty bad fix. He loved Biddy M'Cann, the 38th section of the late Muley's widow, and now the first section of the widow proposed to fly with him. To abandon her home—the prospective revolution—her sister-wife—everything except the diamonds and himself. It was a great sacrifice, he admitted. Yet Rhombo was not happy, for he felt there was considerable sacrifice on his part, too. He was abandoning the countrywoman whom he loved to her fate, and while he had the comforting hope of sharing the diamonds, it was plus the colossal charms of the premier Mrs. Muley, who had lost favour in his eyes since he had seen and loved the charming Biddy.

Yet it would be dangerous for Rhombo Baladdin to give the slightest hint. Mrs. Muley was still a powerful personage in the harem of the late lamented Keeper of the Bright Buttons. She had still the command of the fierce-looking eunuchs who were ready to do her bidding, and he knew that now that he was in possession of her secret, did she doubt him, he might be swung into the neighbouring sea in a sack. Therefore, Rhombo Baladdin dissembled, and allowed Mrs. Muley to deceive herself.

Rapidly that lady sketched out a plan for their mutual safety. Rhombo, in the character of an Irish gentleman tired of the East, would take a passage for himself and his sister—Mrs. Muley's modestly determined that she would be his sister till she became his wife—on board some American or English vessel. He must choose the vessel which would sail first—within three days if possible. He would have some of his luggage conveyed on board the vessel, along with the Gladstone bag filled with diamonds, and she would steal out at night and join him, and hey for the West and happiness.

"And hey for the West and happiness!" muttered Rhombo to himself; "it'll maybe be the other way about, but I can't help it. Bad scan to it! I wish I had a talk with Biddy. Sure I'll maybe get out of the scrape somehow."

Rapidly the Widow Muley turned out some of the stores of the late lamented Muley. From some of the cases she poured handfuls of glittering stones, and from others little heaps of great, uncut gems. With unerring eye she selected what was of most value, and these she packed hurriedly into the bag till it was full and almost bursting.

Then, when it was close, she turned to Rhombo, and demanded, "Have you any money?"

"Divil a shillin', mum," replied Rhombo. "They haven't paid my salary at the Palace yet."

"Well, you must have some gold, for you cannot pay your incidental expenses with diamonds. That would arouse suspicion," said the astute woman. "There is one hundred English sovereigns, and here are some Turkish gold pieces. That will divert suspicion."

"She's got a head for everything," said Rhombo, with admiration. "Bedad, if she'd only shift her liking for some other man I could love her," he muttered.

"An' what will I say to the Grand Vizier, should he ax me any questions?"

"Tell him lies—say I asked you if he was kind to his wives—that you told me he was—that I sighed. Let him think that I intend to marry him, and all will be well; ere a week is out he is welcome to discover his mistake. We will be far away by then."

"That's so, an' in a howling rage he will be, too, I don't doubt."

"It matters not to us by then," said the indomitable Mrs. Muley. "Do your part well, and all will be right."

"I'll do my best, mum," said Rhombo, "an' now about this bag. Will I get help to carry it?"

"You must carry it yourself. No one must know. Get your other luggage ready, and let me know at once when the ship is to sail, and I will tell you how I can join you."

"By my sowl, the bag is heavy on my arm, if it isn't much on my conscience," he said, as he stepped into the boat which was to convey him to his own lodgings adjacent to the Imperial Palace. The single rower was a slave, who knew not Rhombo, and who doubtless thought he was merely a pedlar who had been endeavouring to dispose of his wares in the harem of the late Muley Pasha.

(To be continued next week.)



The single rower was a slave.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 361.—Mr. WALTER HANN, F.O.S.

WAS born some thirty years ago, is therefore still young and lively. Is wonderfully clever in his own profession, which is arranging and getting up of fêtes. Is willing to back himself against any man in England at this business. Caters to the classes as well as the masses. Has testimonials from all crowned heads of Europe, and is especially chummy with the German Emperor; but, for all that, does not employ German goods in his business. Possesses a modest and retiring disposition, and has more than a passing fancy for Scotch whisky. Chiefly because he is a champion fete-caterer, Mr. Hann was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him July 2nd, 1893.—*Debrett Improved.*



Grace. You might teach me to skate, Mr. Clover.
Mr. Clover. But you have no skates with you.
Kath (maliciously). Oh, you might lend her yours, they're just about her size!

ANOTHER "LIVING PICTURE."



"I fear you didn't sleep well, uncle, dear, on your shake-down." "Oh, I was all right, my lass! I turned out every now and again for a rest, don'tcher know."



"Wot d'yer say, guv'ner? 'Ave I got a pair of skates as 'll fit you? No fear; I ain't an ironclad builder."



Are there two G's in "exactly," auntie?
Auntie. Well, my dear Kitty, if ignorance is bliss, how happy must be.



FURTHER DISGUISE IS USELESS!—*Old Play.*
Attitude (and be-attitude) of Nobody Snobkins, Esq.—up the country—whom a paper-boy has addressed as "my



ay, Jim, give us the address of your tailor, and I'll order a pair of one and fourpenny trumpet breeches from him at



(1) Bill Tatters (surreptitiously replenishing his wardrobe). Hist! someone a-comin'! Wot am I to do now? Wait a bit! this sheet'll do the trick.—(2) Mr. Broadbent (coming out with a red hot poker to thaw the water-pipe). Well, that's capital, ain't it? Best snow man I've seen yet! That youngster of mine'll be a great sculptor yet, if he lives.—(3) Ha, ha! Wonderful life-like, ain't it? Just wants a few buttons down the front here to finish it off, and—(4) Whoo back! Murder! Police!—(5) Well, that's the most sing'ler thing I ever see! That was one o' them there livin' pictur's wot you reads about, you may depend. The Parish Council shall know of this job.—(6) Bill Tatters. Well, that's the nearest shave of bein' cooped I've had since I walked into the p'leece horrice, accidental, mistakin' it for a pub. But all's well as ends well! I think I shall hopen a linen-draper's shop next; I've got plenty of stock in this haul, at anyrate.

KNOCK AND RING ALSO.



"Hum! perhaps I'd better call later, Miss Evelina evidently has visitors."

GIRLS BILLY'S PROPOSED TO.



Poor Billy! All would have been well if she hadn't found out the ring he gave her was only paste. And then—well, then the band played, you bet.

ACCOUNTED FOR.



"My dear sir! don't you see I've been preaching to a congregation of jackasses?" "O, I see! I wondered why you kept on calling 'em 'beloved brethren'."